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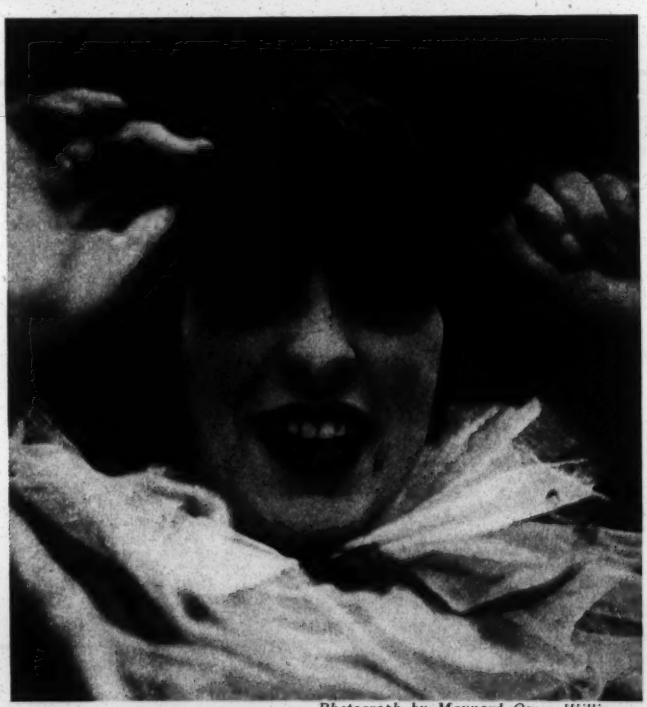

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

REVEALING A PHASE OF RIVIERA REVELRY

When the cities along the French Riviera are decked with blossoms for the annual spring flower festivals, the inhabitants, too, blossom forth in fantastic costumes. Street parades and masquerades progress

"With pomp, and feast, and revelry
With mask, and antique pageantry" (see Bulletin No. 2).

HOW TEACHERS MAY OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

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Supreme Court Now No. 1 Visitors' Attraction in Capital

NINE, a mystic number through the ages, retains its magic power to attract attention—at least, in the case of the nine Justices of the United States Supreme Court. Discussion of their number has led more visitors than usual to observe the nine in action in their palatial Supreme Court Building in Washington.

This Greek temple to modern Justice stands at the quaint address of No. 1, First Street, N. E., obviously close to the heart of government. It is just next door to the original Constitution, on display in a case at the Library of Congress. In use only 18 months, the building is still new and gleaming.

The white marble exterior of the Court Building, in its green-and-asphalt setting on Capitol Hill, has a startling pearly luster, almost as if illumined from within. Even the tile roof is white; from a distance it has the milky smoothness of white cake icing. Because of the dazzling reflection of light, guards on duty outside in the summer wear colored glasses.

Columns by the Dozen; Millions for Marble

The structure has a chaste design of massy cubes, giant triangles, and towering columns. In miniature it would be easy to construct with toy building blocks, but the actual structure required more marble than is known to be contained in any other building in the world. Visitors always inquire the cost, and are awed to learn that it was over a million dollars per Justice.

The entrance doors, shaded by eight pairs of twin Corinthian marble columns, are a ton and a half of bronze apiece; yet they roll docilely back into the wall at the touch of a guard's hand. They are the portals of judicial history opening upon the justice of the present. Sixteen figures are worked into a design depicting such momentous legal events as Justinian of ancient Rome publishing the first law code, King John signing the Magna Carta, and John Marshall delivering the first decision of "Unconstitutional."

The portals open upon Memorial Hall, where an avenue of marble columns leads up to the closed double doors of the Supreme Courtroom. Even on Mondays, "Decision Days," when judicial opinions attract an average of 1,400 visitors instead of the usual 700, the spacious Hall is not crowded. This larger attendance becomes only a longer queue of little people beside lofty columns waiting to get in.

For admission to the courtroom, no ticket is required of the visitor; on the contrary, he is given a "ticket" while waiting in Memorial Hall—an index-card-size diagram of the judicial seating arrangements. Key numbers on the diagram are a miracle of diplomacy; the central seat of the row of nine is marked 1, with the other numbers alternating outward from left to right. The hushed tone of the waiting crowd acknowledges the words italicized on the slip: *"Silence Is Requested."*

Visitors May Not Write, Read, nor Photograph in Courtroom

When the doors of the Courtroom swing noiselessly open to admit the visitor, under a uniformed guard's close scrutiny, he finds himself in a twilit space behind heavy red velvet curtains. Then he is led to a seat beyond, with 200 other spectators, between the curtains and the "bar" which shuts off a front seating space for about 75 lawyers.

Early arrivals can stare without restraint at the two dozen creamy marble columns, the ten gates of bronze grillwork between them on two sides, the red velvet curtains reaching to the floor, the four marble bas-relief panels around the top of the chamber, and the indirectly lighted coffered ceiling. Center of attention, however, is the empty mahogany bench with eight neat reading lamps protruding (the ninth, Justice Brandeis', breaking the uniformity with an old goose-neck, bell-shaded lamp), and the nine high-backed chairs upholstered in black leather. Heights and angles of the chairbacks vary; some are tufted, some smooth; and Justice Stone's has a flat leather bolster at the top.

As hands of the two clocks, suspended from panels front and back, seem on the verge of clasping at twelve, the four page boys busy themselves with turning the chairs a little sideways. Curtains behind the Bench billow with hidden activity. At noon a faint buzzer sounds. The audience comes to its feet. Led by Chief Justice Hughes, the Justices emerge through openings in the curtains and stand behind the Bench.

A gavel raps sharply. "Oyez! Oyez!" . . . the Crier is intoning in syllables of medieval dignity. . . . "The Honorable, the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court . . . God save the United States and this honorable Court." Pages behind the chairs seat the Justices. The supreme tribunal is now in session.

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Photograph by J. Giletta

PREVIEW OF SPRING—ALONG THE FRENCH RIVIERA

What the well-dressed hillside will wear this summer is indicated by this beautiful meadow of marguerites overlooking the Mediterranean Sea and the resort of Menton. The headland in the middle distance hides the famous resort of Monte Carlo (see Bulletin No. 2).

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Flower Festivals Climax French Riviera's Season

"IT'S raining daffodils," might be the weather report for the French Riviera this season. Visitors to this international playground dash from town to town for the series of fetes and carnivals festooning the southern coast of France.

As February ends, mimosa is queen of the carnival in Cannes. Its yellow blossoms deck parade floats and festive arches over streets. Thereafter other flowers will have their day. The blossoming season reaches a climax with a lily-of-the-valley festival in April.

Pleasure seekers in the Riviera travel over a road which Napoleon built, the world-famous Grande Corniche. It was constructed in 1805-1812 as a military carriage road along the French and Italian Rivieras linking Nice with Genova (Genoa). Considered one of the most beautiful roads in Europe, it winds through magnificent mountain scenery, climbing to a shelf at over 1,700 feet, where it overlooks the snow-capped Maritime Alps as well as the sea. Its name means the "great cornice or shelf."

The Corniche d'Or Was Beautiful but Dangerous

Vying in beauty with the Grande Corniche is the Corniche d'Or which links St. Raphael and Cannes. It runs for about 27 miles along the coast where the dark red rocks of the pine-dotted Estérel hills are splashed by the white foam and blue waves of the Mediterranean. Formerly as dangerous as it was beautiful, it has recently been improved and made safer without sacrificing any of its beauty.

The French Riviera has long been one of Europe's favorite winter playgrounds. From November to May, its resorts are crowded with wealthy Londoners and Parisians fleeing cold and fog and seeking pleasure, rest or health.

Fronting the Mediterranean on the south, and backed by protecting hills, this curving coast, famous as the Côte d'Azur, has a mild climate. Robert Louis Stevenson was one of the health seekers at Nice, Menton (page 2), and Hyères.

Visitors seeking something besides climate are attracted by the Riviera's gay beaches and casinos, by its ruined towers of Old Provence, its sea crags, and its luxuriant vegetation, including the date palm, agave, cactus, and pomegranate.

Nice—the "City of Pleasure"

Near Nice and Menton grow fragrant fields of roses, violets, jasmine, and hyacinths that are rushed in refrigerated cars to flower markets of Paris and London. Grasse, one of Europe's principal centers of the perfume industry, is surrounded by fields of flowers whose successive harvests last nearly all year round.

Capital of this winter playground is Nice, the Riviera's largest resort city. In winter its permanent population of 220,000 is swelled by 300,000 visitors. It is one of the world's tennis centers and has one of the largest race courses in France. It has been called the "City of Pleasure." The Nice Carnival with costumed parades, bands, and confetti is famous. The celebrated Battle of Flowers takes place on the Promenade des Anglais, a wide boulevard along the sea where fashionable society meets in winter. As the name indicates, this boulevard was paid for by the English colony at Nice. It was built in 1821 to give work to orange growers whose crops had been ruined by a cold snap.

Driving east along the Riviera from Nice, sight-seers arrive at Monaco, which

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Visitors need not listen, but they must not read, write, nor photograph. A plainclothes man makes a circuit of the audience every few minutes, peering menacingly about for palmed cameras or hidden note-taking, then seats himself facing the audience. When a satisfied sight-seer makes a silent exit, an usher promptly brings in an eager substitute from outside.

For all its stately dimensions of 64 feet square, the Courtroom is small enough to be intimate. From the Bench at the front, the roving eyes of spectators are clearly visible, and those in the back row can detect whenever a Justice turns a page in a law book, or gives the command which sends a page skipping for a glass of water on a small tray, or scribbles a note to be delivered to another Justice a few yards away.

As attorney after attorney places his notes on a desk before the Bench and presents his case in muted oratory, the Justices listen with bowed heads, or closed eyes, or chins in hand. Without warning, a Justice in a conversational tone may fling a question at the attorney. Then the even tenor of the court is interrupted with silences, raised voices, emphatic statements. Perhaps several judges ask questions. Then the even tenor is resumed. In the background the four page boys, on their low-backed seats, play their own little private backstage drama in discreet whispers, crouched behind the nine august black chairs.

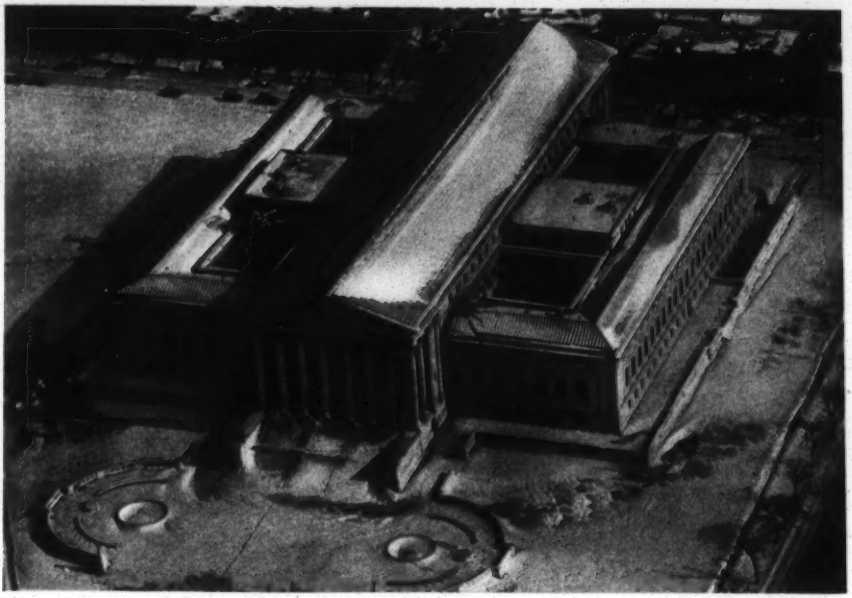
Bang! The gavel announces that it is two o'clock, and time for the half-hour recess for lunch. As the pages man the openings in the curtains, the Justices file out without a word, and the visitor is free to join the crowd in the public lunchroom downstairs or to examine more of the building.

Only the front half of the first floor and the basement floor are open to the public.

The huge building, constructed for nine men and an ideal, actually is the business address of about 400 employees. The Justices have been allotted only one-half of one floor, and only three of the nine have moved into their offices.

Note: The Supreme Court of the United States is also described in "Wonders of the New Washington," *National Geographic Magazine*, April, 1935. See also in the GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS: "Modern Temple of Justice," week of October 21, 1935.

Bulletin No. 1, March 1, 1937.



Photograph by Edwin L. Wisherd from Goodyear Airship "Enterprise"

SNOW ON SNOWY MARBLE ADDS FINAL TOUCH OF WHITENESS TO SUPREME COURT

Washington's lily-white temple of Justice has 4 courtyards. It also has more lofty marble columns decorating the interior than any other Washington building. In addition to 8 elevators, it provides for floor-to-floor traffic with two spectacular cantilever staircases (neither one open to the public). Each marble step is so cut and fitted into the next that the staircases spiral up 4 floors without mortar or support. A "bookworm subway" connects the Supreme Court with the Library of Congress, for carrying books back and forth.

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"Huskies" Vie in Annual Dog Sled Derbies

NARROW winding business streets, quiet old residential avenues, and snow-covered countrysides ring with the cries of mushers, the barks of high-strung dogs, and the cheering of spectators as the annual Dog Sled Derby season winds up for 1937.

Popularized in Alaska, where $10,000 was first prize in the old All-Alaska Sweepstakes, sled-dog racing has spread to many parts of Canada and the United States. A 200-mile non-stop race at The Pas, Manitoba, succeeded the Alaskan race as the sportiest on the continent. Lake Placid, New York; Poland Springs, Maine; Laconia, New Hampshire; Ottawa, Ontario; Quebec; Ashton, Idaho; and Truckee, in the California mountains—these are a few of the widely separated towns that regularly play host to racing huskies and dog-drivers.

Dogs Indispensable in Snow-Buried North

Throughout all northern Canada, however, for two and a half centuries dog-sleds have been popular as a means of winter travel. The introduction of the ski-equipped airplane that can land on frozen lakes, and the increased motorization of all kinds of transport in the north, have not yet destroyed the dog team's usefulness. From Alaska to Labrador and from the Great Lakes to the Arctic Ocean, mailmen, doctors, the Royal Canadian Police, prospectors, teachers, traders, missionaries and sportsmen still depend on sleds and the strong thighs of huskies when Jack Frost reigns.

Without the strength, courage, and intelligence of the husky, development of Canada's far north would have been retarded. In a country where ice and snow bind and bury the landscape from October to May, and where lakes and rivers are the summer highways, the problem of travel routes is naturally a serious one. Explorers, bold *coureurs de bois,* and modern prospectors alike would have been helpless without the dog-team and wooden sled in winter.

Dog Teams Can Cover 100 Miles in a Day

Six to thirteen dogs make up the average dog-team, although four to seven are used in racing where there is no load. A good combination is a clever mother followed by a dozen of her own pups. Each dog weighs between 60 and 110 pounds and often has some wolf blood in its veins. The wild strain gives added courage and endurance. A strong, experienced animal is trained as the lead dog. Dogs following at the leader's heels are taught to respect its authority. But since the leader enjoys certain privileges, bitter jealousy sometimes leads the other dogs to attack it.

There are two common methods of hitching up the team. In one way, all the dogs are hitched by short thongs to a main trace, like horses to a wagon-tongue. By the other method each dog pulls on his own trace, fastened to a ring or stout thong at the front of the sled, and the dogs spread out fanwise. This way it is easier to detect the shirker, but harder to keep the traces unsnarled.

Lazy and snappish in summer, sled dogs come to life when frost flies. They lose excess fat, become lean and strong. Their coats grow thick and shiny with health. A good team, pushed a little by an expert driver, can cover 100 miles in a day with a light load.

As dog-sled racing has grown in popularity, drivers have built up a fine tradi-

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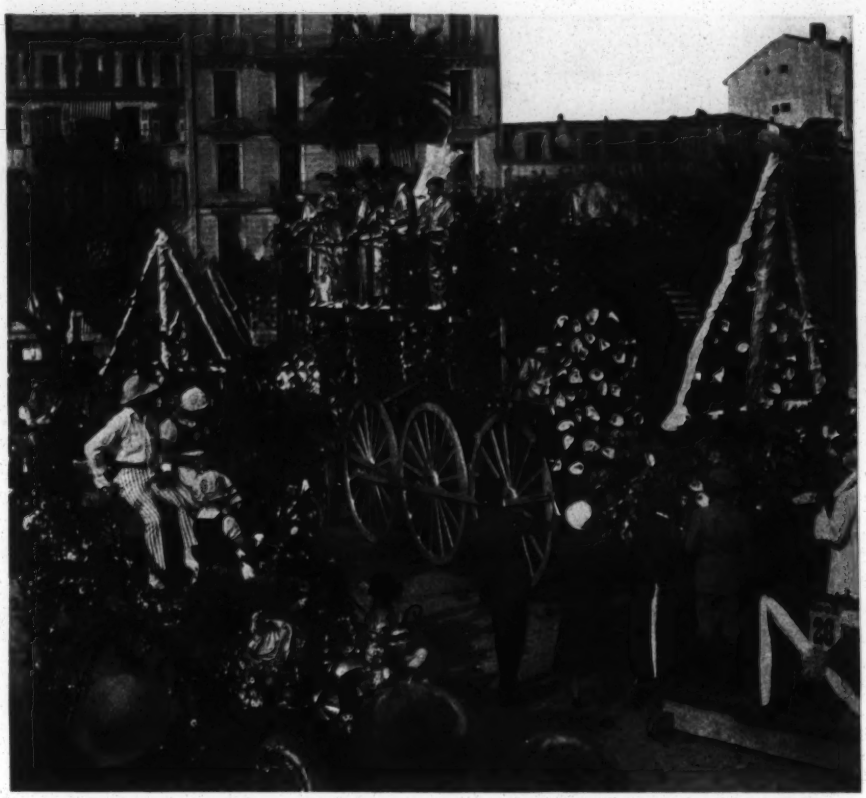
has an important oceanographic museum; at Monte Carlo, with its showy casino, daily concerts and pigeon shooting grounds; at Menton, one of the warmest Riviera resorts, whose sunshine is as kind to its extensive lemon orchards as it is to invalids.

Cannes is an artistocratic resort with palatial hotels and white yachts. Offshore is the Ile Ste. Marguerite where the "Man in the Iron Mask" was imprisoned. Passing through St. Raphael, from which Napoleon sailed to exile in 1814, and through Fréjus, with its Roman ruins, travelers come to Hyères, westernmost and one of the oldest resorts on the French Riviera, with a large English colony. Here Robert Louis Stevenson wrote some of his "The Child's Garden of Verses," and here the novelist Edith Wharton frequently lives in winter.

Note. Additional descriptions and illustrations of the Riviera may be found in "Life's Pattern on the Italian Riviera," *National Geographic Magazine*, January, 1935; "Carnival Days on the Riviera," October, 1926; "From England to India by Automobile," August, 1925; "From London to Australia by Aeroplane," March, 1921; and "The Beauties of France," November, 1915.

Bulletin No. 2, March 1, 1937.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

ARMORED TANKS OF THE FLOWER BATTLES ARE "PLATED" WITH FLOWERS

Flowered floats compete for a prize in a procession at Cannes, and during the competition must endure a "bombardment" of lightly tossed bouquets. Tiny bunches of flowers as ammunition are sold by venders circulating among the street crowds. Even the children play an ornamental part in the carnival, like the cherubs on the automobile, lower left. Boxes give spectators partial shelter (lower right). The palm trees as well as the flowers testify to the climate which has made the Riviera an internationally popular resort region.

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Arid Pacific Islands Have Airport Importance

WHAT are the ten best books to have on a desert island? This old topic for discussion might be amended by the present air-minded age to "What equipment would you take for an airport on a desert island?"

Supplies have just been carried to Howland, one of three islets which have taken on sudden importance with the possibility of an American air line from the Hawaiian Islands to New Zealand. The other two are Baker and Jarvis Islands.

Because of this project, the United States is carrying on a bit of territorial expansion in the very middle of the Pacific Ocean. The three isolated, uninhabited, pauper isles have found themselves unexpectedly treated like princes. Each was supplied with a United States flag, four residents, buried stores of food and water, and a lead tablet to commemorate colonization. At present, however, they serve only as weather stations to test their suitability as stepping stones on the proposed air route.

Like Story-Book Tropical Desert Islands

Each only a mile or two square, the three small "freckles" on the Pacific's face—Baker, Howland, and Jarvis Islands—are the typical desert islands of a sailor's nightmare. Isolated by nearly 4000 miles of shark-infested water from San Francisco, their small humps of white sand appear unexpectedly in the limitless blue waves, rising on coral foundations from ocean depths which no ship's anchor can plumb. Their treeless surfaces, bleached and barren in the vivid sunshine, are alive with crabs, birds, and rats.

The largest of the trio, Jarvis Island, marks almost the exact center of the Pacific, only a few minutes from the point where the 160th meridian of longitude crosses the Equator. Over a thousand miles eastward lie Baker and Howland Islands, sister strands 40 miles apart, each a short sail north of the Equator.

A newly posted regulation, "In the name of the United States, no trespassing allowed," of course, makes no difference to the islands' "first families," seagoing birds. These island pinpoints are sought out regularly by gannets or booby birds, gulls, frigate birds, and petrels, which fly thousands of miles to lay their eggs in such natural tropical incubators.

Known to Birds for Centuries, Recently Discovered by Man

Although without a human inhabitant, one of the islands had a post office for years. On Baker Island a covered box, on a post upright in the blowing sand, received letters for specially slow delivery. All passing sailing vessels looked there for mail and gave a lift to any correspondence going their way.

Hitherto the islands have been tagged alternately British, United States, and "Status Undetermined" on maps of the Pacific, where they have appeared for less than a century.

Projecting only 10 or 20 feet above sea level and frequently hidden in the white foam of their thunderous surf, the islands were first reported in the nineteenth century, when American whaling vessels were riding the easterly trade winds along the Equator. Hungry sailors, braving the dangerous landings for fresh bird eggs, may have been the first to realize that the tremendous guano deposits on all three islands had commercial value.

During the middle of the nineteenth century an American company supported a few families there for guano digging and shipment to the United States.

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tion of "dog first." At the end of a day's relay, a musher sees that his dogs are fed, rubbed, and bedded before thinking of his own needs. Flannel moccasins are often carried to protect bruised and cracked foot pads on rough ice.

Injured Dog Rides—But Race Is Won

In a recent Quebec race one driver stopped near the finish to bind a dog's cut foot. Then he put the dog on the sled and pushed on with only the three remaining dogs—but he won the race!

The Quebec race has been run every year since 1922 with the exception of 1932. All teams cover the 40-mile course three times, starting at the Drouin Bridge each morning and circling through Stoneham, Lake St. Charles, Loretteville, Charlesbourg, and Ste. Foy. Entries get away from the starting line at five-minute intervals to prevent teams from jamming up on each other. The team that covers the course in the shortest time by the official stop-watch is the winner. Total score is the sum of each day's time, reckoned from the minutes the contestant checks out in the morning until he returns at night.

Note: Pictures of sled-dogs as headline news in the sports world or as invaluable aids in the pursuit of exploration, colonization, and trade are contained in the following: "New England Ski Trails," *National Geographic Magazine*, November, 1936; "Exploring Yukon's Glacial Stronghold," also "Canada's Awakening North," June, 1936; "Exploring the Ice Age in Antarctica," October, 1935; "The Conquest of Mount Crillon," March, 1935; "Old France in Modern Canada," February, 1935; "Peaks and Trails in the Canadian Alps" (Duotone picture insert), May, 1934; "New York—An Empire Within a Republic," November, 1933; "Ontario, Next Door," August, 1932; "The Conquest of Antarctica by Air," August, 1930; "Today on 'The Yukon Trail of 1898'," July, 1930; "Quebec, Capital of French Canada," April, 1930; "Gentlemen Adventurers of the Air," November, 1929; "The Conquest of Mt. Logan," June, 1926; and "The Lure of the Land of Ice" (Duotone Insert), March, 1924.

Bulletin No. 3, March 1, 1937.

Photograph from Acme

"MUSH!" TODAY MEANS FUN AS WELL AS FOOD

Sled races with dogs, or "mushing," is now popular as a sport, although it once was associated in the public mind only with grueling expeditions across frozen wastes. At an annual Ice Carnival of Dartmouth College, in Hanover, New Hampshire, mushing was the subject of the ice sculpture which won the prize. These dogs and the sled were carved by using a soldering iron and a blowtorch on blocks of ice.

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Williamsburg, Where the Colonial Past Comes to Life

ON THE site of America's first theater, erected in 1716 along the Palace Green, in Williamsburg, Virginia, a playhouse duplicating the original structure will soon rise, according to an announcement from Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., in charge of the restoration project.

Williamsburg, 45 miles southeast of Richmond, lies in the heart of tidewater Virginia. This quaint old colonial capital not only holds first place in the patronage of American dramatic arts, but it also probably merits more outstanding "firsts" than any other town in the United States of similar size and age.

Here, in 1693, the first college in the southern colonies (next oldest in the United States after Harvard) was chartered; later, that same college, William and Mary, established the first Virginia law course. George Wythe, colonial America's first law professor, and teacher of the rebellious Virginia colonists, had among his pupils Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, James Monroe, Edmund Randolph, and Henry Clay, as well as other outstanding early American patriots and statesmen.

Where Phi Beta Kappa Society Began

In 1723, Brafferton, a pioneer Indian school, was established on the college campus. In 1750, William and Mary boys formed the first college social group in America, the Flat Hat Club, which antedates Harvard's famous Hasty Pudding Club by several years. The Phi Beta Kappa Society, first Greek-letter organization in America, was founded by William and Mary College men in 1776.

Other important Williamsburg "firsts" include: first incorporated city in Virginia, first newspaper published in Virginia, and, in April, 1775, the first act of the Revolution in Virginia.

But Williamsburg's glory today is not all reflected. In the nine years of the most extensive restoration project yet undertaken in the United States, many ancient buildings have regained their original beauty, and still others have been built on excavated foundations. In an area about a mile long by half a mile wide, John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s restoration corporations have re-created the simple, yet cultured capital of colonial Virginia. For colonial Williamsburg was not a backwoods town. The gay life of planters, the lavish entertaining of the governors in their splendid palace, and the excellence of the Raleigh Tavern, the town's chief hostelry, all are recorded accurately and reliably.

Before excavation was started in the area of the original town, research experts worked for months in the United States, France, and England, seeking material which would aid in the work to be done. Two of their most valuable finds were an old copper-plate engraving of the Wren Building, the Governor's Palace, and the Capitol, found in the Bodleian Library at Oxford University, and a map of Williamsburg drawn by an unknown Frenchman in 1782.

Modern Stores Have Trim Colonial Fronts

The Duke of Gloucester Street, arrow-straight main artery of Williamsburg, is terminated at one end by the Wren Building, oldest academic structure in America, and at the other, almost a mile distant, by the restored colonial Capitol. The Wren Building, started in 1695 and completed in 1698, is one of the three original buildings of William and Mary College.

The first block of "The Duke" is devoted to modern shops, the post office, and the movie theater. These trim buildings conform to colonial standards both in architecture and in materials used. It is in this block that the activity of Williamsburg is most evident. Some of the most artistic buildings house modern chain grocery stores and pharmacies. Town residents, college students, and tourists form a clientele that keeps business booming. This atmosphere dispels any suggestion that Williamsburg is now merely a museum town.

On the second block are several restored private dwellings, and at the end stands Bruton Parish Church, the oldest Episcopal Church in continuous use in America. Its rector, the scholarly Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin, is largely responsible for the restoration of Williamsburg.

From the north side of the main street's next block the Palace Green stretches back two blocks to form an enormous "front yard" for the most elaborate of the restored units—the Governor's Palace, with its extensive grounds (see illustration, next page).

Farther on in this block, on the opposite side, is the old Powder Horn, where the colonists stored powder and arms. On this block also, Williamsburg's principal hotel, a modern structure, is located. It will be demolished after completion of the new Williamsburg Inn in the

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Abandonment of the project left pathetic remnants on each island—a short road without a destination, a sagging wharf, roofless walls of a shack or two.

Their recorded history since then has been scant and stark. Once a Chinese junk reached there after five months of helpless drifting, two feeble sailors surviving from a crew of nine. Usually nothing survives being smashed against the fringing coral reefs by relentless breakers. Yet the beached hulk of the *Amaranth*, wrecked in 1913 with loss of the entire crew, was found to contain uncracked china, a baby carriage, and a bottle of hair tonic.

Baker Island Once Called New Nantucket

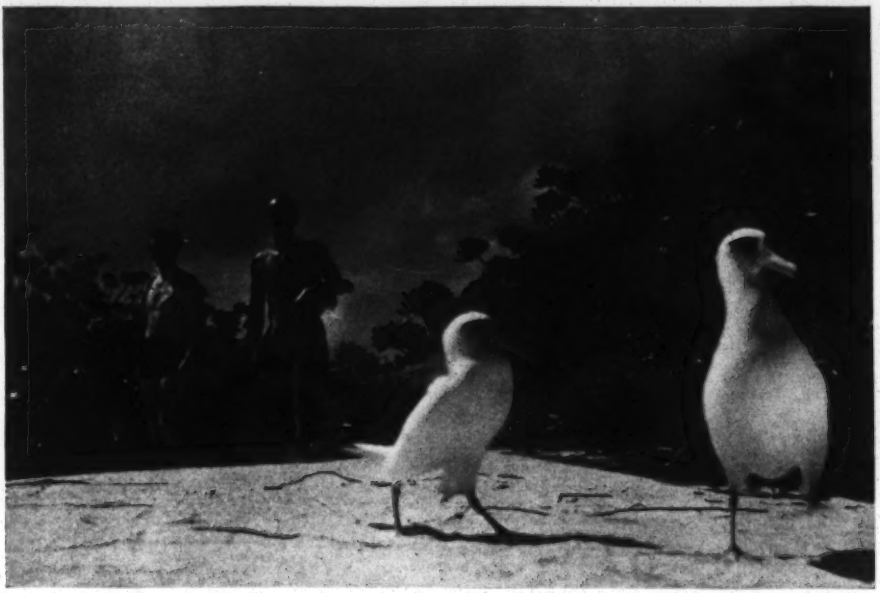
So far, the islands' only permanent settlers are indicated by coral slabs set up as gravestones—two dozen nameless dead—unidentified guano diggers or sailors who died on passing ships.

Baker Island once caused mild alarm when it was named New Nantucket, and Nantucket Island called it "copy cat." Phoebe and Baker's are additional titles discarded also in favor of its present designation. Howland Island was once called Newlands, and Jarvis Island was Bunker.

Note: How progress in transportation brings civilization to, and affects the life on, some of these tiny islands of the Pacific is described in "Flying the Pacific," in the *National Geographic Magazine*, December, 1936.

Baker, Howland, and Jarvis Islands are located on The Society's New Map of the Pacific which was published as a supplement to the December, 1936, issue of *The Magazine*. Copies of this map are obtainable on paper at 50c, and linen at 75c.

Bulletin No. 4, March 1, 1937.



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HUMAN NEIGHBORS BRING ALL MODERN INCONVENIENCES TO THE GOONEY

Wherever travel routes across the Pacific touch an uninhabited island, they bring humans to dispute possession with the original inhabitants, crabs and birds. Early sea clipper ships visiting Baker, Howland, and Jarvis Islands are believed to have brought, in addition, rats, to break up the birds' house-keeping; modern air clipper ships may bring golf, as they did to Midway Island, where this picture was taken. Such islands for ages have been the breeding places for birds, and deposits of guano a century ago were valuable enough to be worked commercially. Birds keep the air a-flutter, and nest in hollows, burrows, or even on the bare sand.

spring. Just beyond the hotel stands the Ludwell-Paradise House, erected about 1717. It now houses Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s loan collection of American folk art.

Raleigh Tavern Housed Revolutionary Meetings

The Raleigh Tavern, one of the best known inns of colonial times, dominates the last block of the Duke of Gloucester Street. It has been rebuilt on its original site to duplicate the tavern as it was when it burned in 1859. Few taverns in the colonies surpassed this hostelry in the elegance of its appointments and patronage, and in the significance of historic and social events which centered there. In the stirring days of the pre-Revolution years, the House of Burgesses assembled in the Apollo Room whenever disbanded by the Governor for rebellious acts. Today it is one of the few exhibition buildings, and is not used as an inn.

The Capitol, a few hundred yards past the Raleigh Tavern, is also an exhibition building. From its slender, three-story cupola flutters the flag of Great Britain. The Capitol is an American building which, oddly enough, regularly flies the British Union Jack.

On side streets are many additional buildings of interest. The old prison, dating from about 1701, is a favorite spot for sightseers. Its chief claim to fame is that it held several of Blackbeard's pirates in 1718. A fat, jolly gaoler, dressed in homespuns of the eighteenth century period, clanks his great keys with an air of authority and smilingly poses for innumerable camera enthusiasts.

The St. George Tucker House, standing one block from the Palace, was built about 1788 by St. George Tucker, successor to George Wythe at the college, and often called the "American Blackstone." His descendants live in it today.

Note: An article, accompanied by black and white and unusual natural-color photographs, about historic Williamsburg, is scheduled for publication in the *National Geographic Magazine* during 1937.

Some other references and illustrations of Williamsburg will be found in "The Travels of George Washington," *National Geographic Magazine*, January, 1932; "Virginia—A Commonwealth That Has Come Back," April, 1929; and "The Land of the Best," April, 1916.

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Photograph by Newton V. Blakeslee

BRITISH DESIGN FOR LIVING IN RAW AMERICA

Royal governors in a land of savages could enjoy at Williamsburg a spacious home, beautiful landscaping, formally trimmed box trees, and the laces and velvets of eighteenth century fashions. Children were dressed like miniature adults. The scene is the restored garden of the Governor's Palace. From the main brick structure a series of terraces descends to a canal and fish pond ringed by great drooping willows. A walk around the pond and canal leads up in back of the Palace to its formal boxwood gardens, matching in design and magnificence famous gardens in England and France.

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